

ROBERT and RICHARD.

N.

OR, THE *Miscellaneous Rhymes*

GHOST of poor MOLLY, who was drowned in RICHARD'S MILL POND.

To the Tune of *Collins's Mulberry Tree*.

QUOTH Richard to Bob, "let things go as they will,
"Of pleasure and fun I will still have my fill;
"In a little gay Joy I see nothing amiss,
"And tho' now and then tiply, *what harm is in this?*

"For e'en Solomon says, and I vow he says truth,
"Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth---
"I am glad" (answer'd Bob) "you're of Solomon's creed,
"But I beg if you quote him you'll please to proceed;

"For God" (as the wise man continues to sing)
"Thy soul into Judgment for all this will bring.
"Thus a man may get plung'd in a woeful abyfs,
"By chusing to say, *Pray what harm is in this?*

"Come, Come" (says gay Richard) "don't grudge me a
"Cup;
I'm resolv'd, while I'm able, I'll still keep it up;
"Let old Greybeards deny that in frolic's there's blifs;
"I'll game, love, and drink---*and what harm is in this?*

Says Robert, "I grant if you live for to-day,
"You may game, love, and drink, and may frolic away;
"But then, my dear Dick, I again must contend,
"That the wise man has bid us *remember the end.*"

Says Richard, "when sickness or peevish old age,
"Shall advance to dismiss me from life's merry stage;
"Repentance just then, Boy, may not be amiss,
"But while young I'll be jolly---*what harm is in this?*"

They parted---and Richard his pastimes begun,
'Twas Richard the Jovial, the soul of all fun;
Each dancing bout, drinking bout, Dick would attend,
And he sung and he swore---*nor once thought of the End.*

Young Molly he courted, the pride of the plain,
He promis'd her marriage, but promis'd in vain;
She trusted his vows, but she soon was undone,
And when she fell weeping he thought it good fun.

Thus scorn'd by her Richard sad Molly run wild,
And roam'd thro' the woods with her destitute child;
'Till poor Molly and Molly's poor Baby were found
One evening in Richard's own mill pond both drown'd.

Then his conscience grew troubl'd by night and by day,
But it's clamour he drown'd in more drink and more play;
Still Robert exhorted, and like a true friend,
He warn'd him he pray'd him---*to think on the End.*

Now disturb'd in his dreams poor Molly each night
With her babe flood before him; how sad was the sight!
O how ghastly she look'd as she bade him attend,
And so awfully told him---"*Remember the End.*"

She talk'd of the woes and unquenchable fire
Which await the gay Sinner, the Drunkard, and Liar;
How he ruin'd more maidens she bade him beware,
Then she wept, and she groan'd, and she vanish'd in air.

Now beggar'd by Gaming, distemper'd by Drink,
Death star'd in his face, yet he dar'd not to think;
Despairing of mercy, despising all truth,
He dy'd of old age in the prime of his youth.

On his Tombstone good Robert these Verses engraved,
Which he hop'd some gay fellow might read and be sav'd.



The EPITAPH.

HERE lies a poor Youth who call'd finning his blifs,
And was ruin'd by saying *what harm is in this?*
Let each Passer-by to his error attend,
And learn of poor Dick to *remember the End.*

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